

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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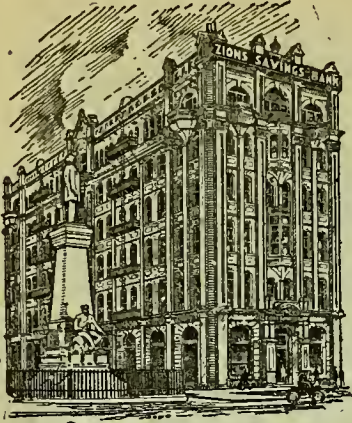
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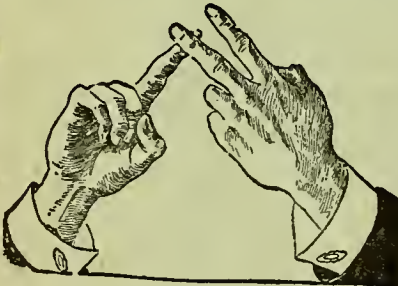
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"MOUNTAINEER" OVERALLS

DON'T RIP, ARE NOT SKIMPED
AND WEAR LIKE LEATHER



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUGUST 15, 1906.

No. 16

CARTAGENA.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 451)



WE obtained lodgings on the corner opposite the palace, in what was once the bishop's mansion. The fine tile floors and the beautiful hand carving of its woodwork are silent reminders of its ancient grandeur. From our balcony we looked across to the cathedral

window where now is suspended as a grating, the Torture Rack of the Inquisition. It is constructed like a steel-framed harrow, with more than one hundred sharp points of twisted steel. We did not sleep well that night, probably because of the strange surroundings, and then thoughts of that torture rack, and the poor souls who had suffered and died on



CARTAGENA FROM CASTLE SAN FILIPI.

its cruel barbs, kept running in our mind.

One day we went out of the city by the gate which opens into the country. There is a tower over this gate and a tablet with lettering which we could not make out, and a clock that affords an indifferent time. I might say New York time, for Cartagena is almost due south of New York City. Outside the gate, in the open field where the Spanish shot the patriot officers in 1815, there are sixteen busts erected on pedestals, in honor of those who died there. Beyond the field of the patriots is the suburb of Jimani, which is also protected on the land side by a wall. Then we cross an arm of the bay and leaving the city cemetery on our right, we turn to the left and climb the winding incline that leads up to the summit of Castle San Filipi. The hill is more than one hundred feet high, and the sloping walls of brick and stone have the appearance of being part of the hill itself.

Hitherto we have viewed the old forts at a distance, now we stand on the battlements, peep into the round guard towers, and enter the long passages that connected this fort with the city, more than a mile and a half away, and with the harbor forts over beyond the cemetery. Five old cannon only remain to tell the tale of the scenes that were once enacted there.

Little is known of the history of those old wars. Cartagena was first taken by Baal, a French admiral, in 1544. Sir Francis Drake took it for England in 1585. That was a long time before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The French again took it in 1697, and secured an immense amount of gold. The English under Vernon took the town in 1741, but could not take this castle, and were forced to leave the coast. Bolivar took the city in 1815, but it was retaken by the Spaniards after one hundred and sixteen days' siege. The walls still bear the scars of those old conflicts. In many places crevices can be

seen made by cannon shot or bursting shells.

Since the Spaniards were expelled in 1816, Cartagena has ceased to be of much importance to the world. The viceregal palaces are falling to decay. The numerous old cannon, some of which may have rode the ships that made up the Spanish Armada, have been taken from the walls and with their muzzles buried in the ground are now used for hitching posts at street corners.

All of the old forts are abandoned; brush and weeds grow on the battlements, and the trailing vines hang from the parapets. Lizards and scorpions inhabit the guard towers in the day time, and at night bats flitter about and owls fill the air with doleful sounds. Everywhere is the same evidences of decay, and as you wander about you cannot but feel that you are walking in the shadow of the long ago.

The Spanish power in the New World is gone, Spain as a world-power has fallen, and somehow we cannot but associate that torture rack and the gloomy dungeons in the city walls with the causes that led to her humiliation.

As we returned to the city, a hearse drawn by two negroes came out of the gate and crossed the plaza toward the cemetery. A solitary mourner accompanied by a priest followed the hearse. At Jimani several women came out of houses and followed behind the lone mourner. Their cries were heart-rending and their grief pitiful to behold. We supposed their mother or father occupied a place in the hearse. At the harbor bridge they halted, their crying was hushed, their tears were stayed. The lone mourner approached and handed each one a penny, and they returned to their homes rejoicing at a service well performed, while he plodded on after the hearse.

One evening we walked around the city along the promenade on top of the broad

wall. We finished near the barracks at the southwest corner. A little Indian boy, seemingly not over twelve years of age, was doing guard duty. We asked him to step out in the sunlight while we took his picture. He could not have been over four feet tall, for when he dropped his musket to rest, the bayonet extended more than a foot above his head. Colombia has many such soldiers in the army. I heard



GUARD TOWER, CARTAGENA.

their pitiful story, how they have been forced from their homes in the beautiful valleys of the far away mountains and compelled to fight—for they know not what; poorly fed and poorly clad, they are

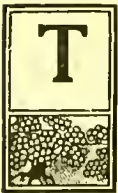
soon cut down by the pestilential fevers of the low lands. Few of them ever see their Indian mothers again.

As I strolled along the wall with the sleepy old city on one hand and the blue waters of the Caribbean on the other, my cheeks were fanned by the cool breeze of the north-east trade winds, which greatly modifies the heat of this tropic clime. After a while the sun sank out of sight in the western sea, and as it did so the darkness came rolling up like a great cloud out of the east, for Cartagena knows no twilight evenings such as we enjoy in Utah.

As I descended from the wall and sought my lodgings my thoughts were with the Indian soldier boy. The wrongs that his people have suffered and do suffer at the hands of his Spanish masters were before me, and I recalled, too, this promise made long, long ago to his ancestors by the Savior of the world in this very land: "This land is given unto you for your inheritance. * * * Ye shall be in the midst of the Gentiles as a lion among the beasts of the forest, or as a young lion among the flocks of sheep, who, if he go through, both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver. I will make your horn iron and your hoofs brass, and thou shalt beat in pieces many people." That night in the bishop's palace I prayed that the promises might soon be fulfilled.

Joel Ricks.

ELBERFELD.



THOUGH not a very ancient city, Elberfeld possesses much of interest, and is visited by thousands of tourists annually on their way to the Rhine lands. The city is beautifully situated in a fertile valley, which is flooded with sunshine all the day long, and is covered with thick grass of a transparent

green; the river Nadden adds to its commercial importance. The site of the present city was used, so history informs us, for bleaching linen. A man by the name of Elber, perhaps was the first to discover the properties of bleaching which abound here, and owned large fields where the bleaching was done. Hence the name Elberfeld. It is now a populous city of



THE ELBERFELD ELEVATED STREET CARS.

upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, a great number of whom are engaged in the manufacture of linen, which is bleached here, then shipped to other countries far and near. It is market day, and the large market place is occupied by vendors of vegetables, fruits and other commodities. The fruit is fine, for the land is adapted to its growth, therefore it is displayed in abundance. The sounds of a large market, its clatter and traffic, are a characteristic of the German cities. The buildings are tall, the streets narrow but clean, especially the one winding up a high hill, above the market place.

On the way back to the station we stood some time to watch the *Strassen balus*, or street cars, which not running on the ground, are suspended about forty feet in the air, and instead of running on tracks are propelled by electricity from above. They do not look the safest thing in the world, but people are so accustomed to them, that they do not notice them. Of course it does away with the traffic in the

streets, but as one passes overhead, you instinctively move aside for fear it will fall on you.

There is a fascination about these, which keeps one's eyes riveted on them, as they come and go sailing away over head and over the city and even to nearby towns. To ride in them, one seems to be moving through the air, by no visible means, nothing under and only a wire above.

No Elders were stationed at Elberfeld, at this time, so the frau informed us, when we reached their street and number. Afterwards we learned one Elder had been released, the other transferred. The surroundings are very inviting, and it is a city full of interest. Just over there is Durseldorf (Dizzeldorf,) the first city on the Rhine, whose citizens, though living in any part of the world, will proudly say, "I was born in Durseldorf on the Rhine." There is a charm about it that time never can efface.

Lydia D. Alder.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN,

(BASED ON THE WRITINGS OF ELDER ORSON PRATT.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 460.)



HERE is something grand and sublime in the contemplation of our pre-existence. How wonderful and interesting it is for us to know that the beings whom we call ourselves, that now dwell in these earthly tabernacles, existed thousands of years ago—that we were present when the foundations of the earth were laid—that we then sang and shouted for joy—that we were engaged with our eldest brother, the Firstborn, in organizing this world—that we dwelt for ages in our Father's presence in a celestial or glorified world—that we there beheld His face and rejoiced in His glory—that we were there instructed in the wisdom and knowledge of God, till the intelligence which radiated from our persons shone like the morning light.

Objections have been raised against the pre-existence of man upon the ground that we do not remember such existence, or any event connected therewith. It is true, we do not remember anything prior to our present state, but that does not prove that we had no prior existence. We do not remember our existence or anything else, during the first six months of infancy. Does this prove that we did not exist during that time? No. If, then, we could exist six months during our present state without remembering it, we might, for the same reason, have existed during six thousand years prior to our present state, and not remember it. Existence is in no way dependent upon memory; therefore memory has nothing to do with the question of our past state.

When Jesus was born into this world, His previous knowledge was taken from Him. This, it is reasonable to conclude, was occasioned by His spiritual body be-

ing compressed into a smaller volume than it originally occupied. In His previous existence, His spirit, as the Scriptures testify, was of the size and form of man; when this spirit was compressed so as to be wholly enclosed within an infant tabernacle, it had a tendency to suspend the memory, and the wisdom and knowledge formerly enjoyed were forgotten. "In His humiliation; His judgment was taken away." (Acts 8: 33.) To come down from heaven, from His Father's presence, where He had formerly possessed judgment and understanding sufficient to frame worlds, and to enter into a mortal tabernacle, was truly humiliating. It was, indeed, humiliating in the highest degree to be deprived of so great a knowledge. Yet He humbled Himself, and condescended to descend below all things, and to commence anew at the very elements of knowledge; hence, one of the evangelists says, "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature." (Luke 2: 52.) Now, if Jesus had retained His wisdom when He was born into this world, it would not have been said of Him that He "increased in wisdom." So it is with man. When he enters a body of flesh, he forgets his former existence, and has to commence, as Jesus did, at the lowest principles of knowledge, and ascend by degrees from one principle of intelligence to another. Thus he regains his former knowledge, and by showing himself approved through every degree of intelligence, is counted worthy to receive more and more, until he is perfected and glorified in truth, and made like his elder brother, possessing all things.

If the spiritual body of Jesus, and the spiritual bodies of all men, existed before the foundation of the world, as we have clearly shown, is there anything unreasonable in the idea of the pre-existence of the spiritual bodies of all the animal creation?

There is not. One class of spirits may exist before they enter their natural bodies as well as another. Did not the same God who made the spirits of men, make the spirits of beasts also? Job says, "Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these, that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing." (Job 12: 7-10.) In this quotation we perceive that "the soul of every living thing" is in the hand of the Lord. He is the Maker and Preserver of the souls of beasts, birds and fishes, as well as the souls of men; hence Moses, when praying to the Lord, says, "Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation." (Num. 27: 16.) Thus we see that the Lord is not only the God of the spirits of men, but He is "the God of the spirits of all flesh."

That the spirits of all the vegetables and animals were made before their bodies is evident from the history of creation as related in the first and second chapters of Genesis. In the first chapter we have the history of the creation of vegetables, fish, fowls, beasts and man. In the second chapter we are told that on the seventh day "there was not a man to till the ground," and then a description is given of the formation of his natural body "out of the ground." In the first chapter, and during the third day, the vegetables and trees were formed; in the second chapter and on the seventh day, we are told that the Lord made "every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew;" and then we are informed that on the seventh day the Lord planted a garden—that is, set out the trees and herbs that he had made on the third day, and caused them to "grow out of the ground." In the first chapter

it is said that the fish, fowl, and beasts were created on the fifth and sixth days; in the second chapter these various animals are "formed out of the ground" on the seventh day, and "brought unto Adam to see what he would call them." From this we learn, that the natural bodies of animals were made after the natural body of man.

In the work of the temporal creation, man seems to have been the first flesh on the earth, his natural body having been made before the herbs and trees were planted and grew out of the ground. He was placed in the garden of Eden before the Lord made the beasts and fowls, that is, their natural bodies, and brought them to him in order that he might name them. The first chapter gives a history of the creation of all things temporal. In the order of time and in the succession of events, the spiritual creation of the heavens, the earth, and all things contained therein, differs from the temporal creation of the same. To suppose that these two chapters only give the history of the natural creation, would involve us in numerous difficulties, when we endeavor to reconcile the description given in the second chapter with that given in the first. But to receive them as to the descriptions of two successive creations, the first being spiritual (as it truly was) and the second being temporal, all difficulties and discrepancies in the two different descriptions vanish away, and a flood of light bursts upon the mind.

Joseph Smith, the great Prophet of the last dispensation, being commanded of God to translate the Bible by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, commenced the great work in the month of June, 1830. In this inspired revision, the distinction between the spiritual and temporal creations is clearly manifest. After describing the six days of labor, God informs us that He ended His work on the seventh day, and

rested therein and sanctified it. He then teaches us "these are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, in the day that I, the Lord God, made the heaven and the earth, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew. For I, the Lord God, created all things of which I have spoken, spiritually, before they were naturally upon the face of the earth. And I, the Lord God, had created all the children of men; and not yet a man to till the ground, for in heaven created I them; and there was not yet flesh upon the earth, neither in the water, nor in the air; but I, the Lord God, spake, and there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And I, the Lord God, formed man from the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, the first flesh upon the earth, the first man also; nevertheless, all things were before created; but spiritually, were they created and made according to my word. And I, the Lord God, planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there I put the man whom I had formed. And out of the ground, I, the Lord God, made to grow naturally, every tree that is pleasant to the sight of man, and man could behold it. And they became also a living soul. It was spiritual in the day that I created it; for it remaineth in the sphere in which I, God, created it; yea, even all things which I prepared for the use of man. And man saw that it was good for food. And I, the Lord God, placed the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and also the tree of knowledge of good and evil. * * * And out of the ground I, the Lord God, formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and commanded that they should be brought unto Adam, to see what he would call them; and they were all living souls and it was breathed into them the breath of life." (Pearl of

Great Price, chapter 3.) Here we learn that every vegetable and animal, as well as man, was first created spiritually, in heaven, and afterwards made naturally upon the earth. The succession of events in the spiritual creation was different from that in the natural creation, hence arises the two different descriptions.

Heaven is the world where all the spirits destined for this creation had their origin. It is a world consisting of a great variety of materials of a similar nature to those which enter into the constitution of our world. The difference between our world and a heavenly one consists, not in the diversity of the elements, for they are the same, but in the difference in the organization of these elements. In our world the elements, at the present time, are so organized, that continual changes are taking place, of such a nature as to produce death and the dissolution of all organized substances. In a heavenly world the same elements are so combined that eternal duration is stamped upon every organization. The spiritual substances connected with our world are not permanently combined with the other elements, while in a heavenly world, so far as these two classes of elements are combined, their union is immortal or eternal.

A heavenly world has once been in the same condition as our world, but its temporal organization has been dissolved, and the same elements have been reorganized after the pattern of the heavenly order; it is thus changed from a temporal to an eternal state. In its temporal condition it is terrestrial, in its eternal condition it is celestial. Under the former, death usurps dominion, and spreads devastation and ruin throughout the whole organization; under the latter, eternal life reigns triumphant for evermore. In the one condition, it is a fallen world; in the other it is a redeemed world. When a fallen world, it is inhabited by fallen

beings; when a redeemed world, it is inhabited by celestial beings, redeemed from the grave and glorified and made like unto

the God who created and redeemed them, whose sons they are, and as their Father God has done before them, so will they do.

CURRENT TOPICS.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTIONS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.



THE public schools of Europe have never been without religious instruction, while in this country the practice from the beginning has been to keep all kinds of theological instruction out of public educational institutions, that is, institutions that are supported by the state. In England the Conservative party has committed itself to religious instruction in the schools and has made provision therefore out of the local and imperial taxes.

When the Liberals entered upon their campaign which won for them the parliament of Great Britain, one of their ante-election promises was the abolition of the present system of supporting religious instruction in the public schools. To make the promise good, a bill has been reported which provides that religious instructions may be given in the school houses, but that it shall be given after regular hours and at the expense of the denomination which desires it. This bill has created intense excitement in many parts of England among the members of the Anglican church and the Catholics who are vehemently opposed to what they consider a Godless education. They would make religious instruction compulsory, claiming that its moral effect upon the lives of the coming generation will be to the great advantage of the state, as well as to the advantage of the individual.

The recent pilgrimages to London of ten thousand people belonging to the Church

of England and to the Catholic Church for the purpose of entering the most solemn protest against a law intended to abolish religious instructions from the schools show the intense feeling that has been awakened in England on the subject. In England both public and private schools under certain regulations may receive aid both from the local and the imperial taxes.

A curious circumstance in the politics of Great Britain is seen in the attitude which the Irish members in parliament take in the matter. Their constituency is almost exclusively Catholic, and the Catholics favor the present law. It is therefore quite certain that the Irish members of parliament will break with their Liberal fellow-members when it comes to a vote for the abolition of religious instructions from the public schools. It does not appear, however, that their opposition will defeat the measure. If passed by the House of Commons it may be turned down, as it likely will be, by the House of Lords, almost all of whom are opposed to the measure. This opposition by the House of Lords would in all probability lead to a dissolution of parliament and an appeal to the country, for it is hardly likely that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would acquiesce in the vote of the Lords as Gladstone did on his Home Rule bill.

England is therefore likely to undergo an exciting period of discussion on an educational question that is assuming a very grave aspect, even in the United States. That there is a growing sentiment in favor of religious instruction and of the use of the Bible in our public schools as well as

in our higher institutions of learning, there can be no doubt. The present wave of dishonest methods in commerce as well as in the immoral conditions of society is creating alarm in the minds of thousands or our best citizens who believe that something must be done to raise the standard of our morals, or otherwise the institutions of our country will be seriously affected.



A LAMANITE MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

IN the list of honors conferred on the occasion of the latest official celebration of the King of England's birthday, appears one that has created general surprise, it being so marked a departure from the ordinary, and as general satisfaction. The name is that of Don Porfirio Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic, upon whom has been conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. President Diaz is today in many respects the foremost of native Americans, and is the first member of his race, he being a Lamanite, to receive such a distinction. President Diaz enjoys the

esteem and respect of the nation over which he has ruled for an uninterrupted period of twenty-two years,* and the honor now conferred upon him by the King of England will be highly appreciated by the Latter-day Saints residing in Mexico, he having been their constant and undeviating friend since the first settlements of our people were made in that Republic. He appreciates their thrift, industry, progressiveness and other virtues, and has not been reluctant to express his kindly feelings. In another respect this action of the King will afford them pleasure as being a harbinger of that which is to come when prophecy is fulfilled with regard to the future of the Lamanite race. Who would have thought a few years ago that any one of that despised people would have worn the insignia of the Order of the Bath; an honor that is, as a rule, conferred almost solely upon Great Britain's most distinguished military and naval officers. But President Diaz is no ordinary man. Mexico, under his pacific government, has advanced rapidly in nearly everything that constitutes true civilization.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XIII.

My Dear Son:—

In this letter I am going to tell you something about gratitude, a state of the mind by which we appreciate the kindness of others and are at the same time thankful for it. I do not know of anything that enriches and beautifies human nature more than gratitude. Grateful people see so much in this world to be thankful for, so much sunlight of heaven falls upon them that it in turn radiates from them and makes those about them warm and happy.

It is not, however, so much about the gratitude that should be in you, that I wish

to write you about, as it is the gratitude which you may some time, expect to find in others. Some people think a great deal about gratitude, but it is the gratitude of other people. Now this quality which is so beautiful in itself when properly under-

* President Diaz first became President of Mexico in 1879. Not being, by the Constitution of that Republic, eligible for re-election, he was succeeded by his friend, Gen. Gonzales, in December, 1880. He was again elected in 1884, and at every later election to the present time, the Mexican Constitution having been amended to permit this.

stood may be turned to very bad account and be very badly misjudged.

Did you ever hear people say of someone else, "He is an ungrateful wretch?" "I did so and so for him; now look how he has returned my kindness to him." What such expressions generally mean is that the person thus disappointed had been putting somebody under an obligation which was to be paid back whenever it was needed and at the price that such a selfish person put upon his own favors. Doing people favors, therefore, with an intent to control them and to use them when they are needed for one's own selfish ends is about as mean a display of selfish conduct as I know of. You will understand, therefore, what I mean when I say it is incomparably better to have gratitude than to expect it.

I hope, therefore, my son that you will never be guilty of thinking that people ought to be grateful to you by reason of the obligations you have put them under to yourself. When you do people a kindness, do it from the greatness of your heart and not as a speculation upon which you expect a ten-fold reward. Be troubled less about other people's appreciation than you are about your own. Never try to buy other people's liberty of action by putting them under obligations to you. Remember that the rights of people to the exercise of

their free agency are too sacred for you to put a price upon.

The practice of purchasing gratitude is not only a selfish one, but its tendency is to destroy one's own gratitude, or to mistake compensation for gratitude. Many people imagine that gratitude in them means paying back the favors that others have shown them. People with such ideas will pay back just what they have received and no more—that is merely compensation. True gratitude pays no attention to the balance of accounts. It is broad and generous and pays many fold, favors received. In fact, it never counts the cost. True gratitude has no end. It is sometimes called "the memory of the heart."

It helps very much the quality of our gratitude when we exercise it most toward those who have been generous in their sympathy and love and counsel for us. Never think for a moment that gratitude for material favors, such as money, is the highest form of that beautiful principle. Money and other material favors, where possible, should generally be treated as something to be compensated. Learn to appreciate kind sentiments, friendship, and love that come to you from others, and others will find more in you to be thankful for.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

A MOUNTAIN HERMIT AND HIS FRIENDS.

"PROVO CANYON," is one of those grandly picturesque mountain ravines which abound in Utah. In the solitude and sublimity of this canyon a mountaineer named W. W. Ferguson lived a hermit's life. In the winter months his log cabin was, in consequence of the deep snow, shut entirely out from intercourse with human beings. But he was not companionless, this mountain man—for he made friends with the wild

animals and birds. He was their friend and they grew fond of him. They learned to recognize his voice, and not to be afraid at his approach. They would eat from his hands, the pigeons and magpies flying from afar when he called them—the little squirrels playing about him like tame kittens.

A year ago a New York gentleman, on a pleasure trip, called at Mr. Ferguson's cabin, and seeing the mountaineer with

his bird and animal friends on such good terms, said:

"My friend, you have some power—some charm which these creatures obey. If you will tell me the secret I will give you a hundred dollars."

The hermit, smiling, assured the traveler that the only secret was the kindness with which he always treated them. "They have learned," he said, "that I am their friend, and I have never betrayed their friendship."

Our Dumb Animals.



A RAILROAD CAT.

MANY people have heard of the railroad dog, which travels so extensively over the country and really seems to know as much about trains and time-tables as a railroad conductor does. But there was a cat in Colorado which, although not so famous as the well known dog, was certainly as remarkable in its fondness for railroad riding.

It was a pet of the engineer of a freight locomotive, and accompanied him on every trip that he made. When the train had to make a long wait at a station, the cat went off in search of mice, always returning when the whistle sounded, and at some of the junctions where numerous trains met it was quite a pet.

When the engine was running, the cat sat in the cab or on the coal, and as its fur was jet black its beauty was not greatly impaired by its grimy surroundings.

Pussy must have traveled many thousands of miles, for it did duty for several years, and was never known to miss a trip. That cats care little for persons and are attached to places and to their environments, was seen in the case of this cat. The engineer was badly hurt in a collision and was laid up for three months. Instead of the cat following him, as a dog would doubtless have done, she stayed around

the shops until the locomotive was repaired, and then resumed her rides with the substitute engineer.

Exchange.



CAT AND COLLIE.

A FAMILY living in Vermont removed from their long-time residence to another village, some forty miles away. They took with them a Scotch Collie of unusual intelligence, but left behind the family cat. The collie and the cat had been warm friends for several years, and had fought each other's battles with courage and impartiality.

After the family had reached their new home the collie was evidently lonesome. One evening as the family were gathered about the open fire some remarks were made about this, and the man of the house, patting the collie on the head, said: "I am sorry that we did not bring George with us. You miss your old playmate, don't you?" The next morning the collie had disappeared. Three days afterward he came into the yard in a state of great enjoyment, indicated in the usual dog way, followed by George, the cat. Both seemed somewhat excited, and the collie showed marks of battle. Each seemed greatly delighted in the company of the other, and the old-time *status quo* was at once resumed.

Out of curiosity inquiry was made by the family, both at their old residence and along the line of the main highway between the two places, which developed the fact that the dog appeared at the old home, and very deliberately and very distinctly induced the cat to start on the journey with him.

New York Times.



PAINTING A FROG'S PORTRAIT.

One of my pets was a frog about half grown. He would hop upon my hand to the tip of my finger, and sing (or croak)

as long as I chose to hold him. I was an invalid just then, and when I felt lonely and my husband was away I used to give a little croak to invite the frog to a duet, and he would set off as if his life depended on his song, no matter what the hour might be.

One day I wanted to paint him in a picture, and tried to take a profile view. But he would not let me do it; whenever I placed him in the right position he would hop around so as to face me, and then go on my paper. Then I bethought myself of putting him in a plate with some water, so that he might be comfortable. This plan answered very well, but when I turned the plate around so as to get a side view he hobbled around also, and would face me. Then I tried edging round the table myself, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to hold him sideways while I drew him. But whenever I raised my head to look at him he raised his, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint, and so we went on nodding at each other like two Chinese mandarins.

Pall Mall Gazette.

AN INTELLIGENT FISH.

IT is the belief of C. D. Allen, of Franklin, Pa., that a brook trout is more intelligent than any species of fish or animal, and that it is capable of gratitude. Recently he caught three trout in a stream near his home, and one of these was a foot long and alive when Mr. Allen reached home. He was loath to eat such a fine specimen; so he put it in a tank of water in his warehouse. He fed the fish daily with flies and inside of a week the trout showed that it recognized Allen and would come to the surface to be fed whenever he approached the tank. Mr. Allen then placed the fish in a pool in a small stream near his house, and two days later when he visited the

pool the fish came to the surface and gave every evidence that it recognized him. Other men have tried to get a sight of the fish, but it sulks in the bottom of the stream and will only come to the surface when Mr. Allen visits the pool.

Exchange.

HOW SQUIRRELS STEER.

BOBBIE and his father were walking in the park, stopping occasionally to throw a peanut to one of the squirrels that were hopping over the grounds and scrambling up the trees.

"Do you know why it is that a squirrel has a bushy tail, while a rabbit and a guinea pig have none, Bobbie?" asked his father.

Bobbie said that, come to think of it, he really didn't believe he knew.

"Do you know why it is that the sailors equip their boats with so many different sails, and why it is that the Indian feathers his arrows? The sailor shifts his sails to get the help of the wind. The Indian feathers his arrows to hold their flight true. The squirrel uses his tail for the same purpose. Now, watch the next squirrel that jumps from one tree to another."

In a few minutes a squirrel launched himself out from the top of a big tree. He seemed bound for the limb of another tree standing about ten feet away.

Bobbie watched him give his feathery tail a sudden twist, and in a flash he landed upon the trunk of the tree instead of the limb. And then Bobbie said that he understood.

A MONKEY THAT WEARS GLASSES.

THE monkey is catching up. He is climbing the evolutionary ladder with an agility to be expected of one of his arboreal habits. There is a spider monkey in Breslau, Germany, which has been operated on for catar-

act and now wears glasses. For more than a year after it was received at the "Zoo" it was very healthy and lively; then it became very quiet, ceased to play, and crouched in a corner. It was examined and found to be suffering from cataract, so it was immediately taken to the eye hospital and operated on. In less than a month it was fitted with a pair of spectacles, which it wears with becoming gravity.

Exchange.

A SONG SPARROW'S GRATITUDE.

THE following incident is vouched for by a young lady who is a close and accurate observer:

"Last week my brother, a lad of 12, killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest. Ever since then the male sparrow has shown his gratitude to George in a truly wonderful manner. When he goes into the garden the sparrow will fly to him, sometimes alighting on his head, at other times on his shoulder, all the while pouring out a tumultuous song of praise and gratitude. It will accompany him about the garden, never leaving him until he reaches the garden gate. George, as you know, is a quiet boy who loves animals, and this may account in a degree for the sparrow's extraordinary actions."

Courier Journal.

IN THE MISSION FIELD.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION,
July 13, 1906.

*President Joseph F. Smith and Counselors,
Salt Lake City, Utah.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—At the close of the first six months of this year we feel to report a few of the conditions of the mission. We are very pleased and thankful to be able to say that all the Elders in this mission are in good health and enjoying the spirit of their calling.

In comparison with the first six months of last year we note a very healthy increase in the disposition of tracts and books, in the meetings held and in the tithing paid. Our tract distribution the first half of the year shows an increase of 65,341, there being 184,901 tracts distributed; in the distribution of books for the six months we see 8,930, an increase of 3,291; and in the meetings held we have an increase of 300—the total held being 4,600. One feature of our book record is the large per cent of Books of Mormon numbered therein. During the early part of May we felt very much impressed to have the Elders push the sale of Books of

Mormon, because we find wherever that book has been placed it has worked marvelous changes in the hearts of the people. The spirit which accompanies the reading of it is irresistible, and the experiences of several Elders in selling them bear testimony of this, for they have gone into a crowd of men and passed the books around, and almost without exception, if they would read a few lines, they would purchase the book.

A letter was written to the conference presidents asking them if they could average a certain number of Books of Mormon to the Elders during June. They all responded with cheerfulness and faith that the Lord would help them do whatever was asked of them, and before the month was over many diffident Elders had done what they never had done before or perhaps would not have done for a long time, and that was to sell a Book of Mormon. During the month there were 1,232 Books of Mormon sold and an increased number of small books, and, in fact, the work was stimulated in every line. The little conference of eight Elders organized in Mani-

toba, Canada, in June sold 305, an average of 38 to the Elder. The people there seemed anxious to obtain them, and in purchasing the same spoke highly of our people in Alberta. In the state of Wisconsin there were 461 sold, and the Elders are all enthusiastic in praise of the results, and more interest has been aroused and more inquiries received about the Gospel than in months passed. The number sold was double what we expected, consequently it almost cleared up our stock.

One other thing it did was to cause the Elders to see the men because they found them the more willing to purchase their books. In some of their street meetings as many as a dozen were sold at one meeting, and the Elders say those who purchased became their warmest friends.

We are receiving considerable opposition in different parts, and those very places are where we are having the most success. One superintendent of a Methodist Sunday School, in Minnesota, last Sunday announced that she was to be baptized on Monday, and if they desired

to get anyone in her place she would resign. Several places in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois look very promising at present. Last Sunday there were seven baptisms in Chicago.

With feelings of gratitude for the blessings of the Lord that we are enjoying, I am faithfully,

Your brother in the Gospel,

German E. Ellsworth.



SOUTHERN STATES MISSION.

The statistical report of the Southern States mission shows a fine record of the work done during the first six months of the present year by the Elders in the various conferences of that missionary field.

13,503 families were visited and 48,440 families revisited, in the period here mentioned, and during these visits 98,628 Gospel conversations were held, 158,231 tracts distributed, and over 5,000 books sold. The report also shows a total of 313 baptisms in the mission, and 321 Books of Mormon sold.

THE ANGEL OF ART.


When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before His Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light feet flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
"The curse a blessing shall be found!"
She led him through the trackless wild
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed,
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiles,
And nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven!
He rends the oak, and bids it ride
And guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste;

Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner o'er the wave;
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And the destroying knife to save!
He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
Rocks disappear before his skill,
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commences with an unborn age.
In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars and grasps the flame
That quivers on the realms on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

Selected.



ART PERSONIFIED.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - AUGUST 15, 1906

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NO HOUSE TO LIVE IN.



MODERN skepticism, higher criticism, and the departure of Protestant ministers from their time honored creeds are evidently leading to a serious breakup in the Protestant churches of the United States. The whole trend of the Protestant ministry is toward unbelief, and their efforts in explaining to the people what they should not believe, have done much to undermine the faith of the masses who are left without spiritual shelter.

Many, no doubt, will contend against the necessity of a spiritual home. They have been taught that they were responsible to their conscience and their intelligence which constitute in modern

teachings of the religious Protestant world the highest authority. The Protestants are now experimenting in a religious life devoid of authority. The historic authority of Luther, Calvin, and Wesley has lost its hold upon Protestant denominations whose guides these religious reformers have been in the past. A religion without authority, a flock without a shepherd is something unknown in the Scriptures.

One is naturally led to wonder how the Protestant world will feel when its spiritual homes have been demolished. Under a clear, warm and peaceful sky, Protestants may live for a time without shelter; but storms and wars and social uprisings must sooner or later drive them in search of shelter. In confusion people will seek guidance and divine leadership. Then the question of authority will command a prominence in the religious life of men that it has seldom known before.

The Latter day Saints appreciate the spiritual home they dwell in. They are not deceived about the authority which God has placed in His Church. They will neither be persecuted nor cajoled nor forced into the abandonment of their respect for an authority which has been tried and found true. They are building under divine guidance a home great enough and good enough for those who may seek a shelter in the troublesome times to come.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his preface to a book recently written by him, says: "A secular journal in England received, in the course of three months, nine thousand communications from people seeking for light on the religious question." One is led to wonder what has become of the pastors of all these people that they should resort to

a secular journal on religious matters. Such a statement indicates the ground that ministers are losing in the authority which they formerly exercised over their congregations. Such a fact also explains the effort of the ministry to gain its lost ground—its waning authority—by seeking a leadership in political and social affairs. No doubt some ministers have felt that a fight against the “Mormons” would give them prestige as leaders. But fights, even when the objects are praiseworthy, are not the best means of begetting faith. If people have the higher light, they will see the truth and have faith and assurance; their faith will protect them from evils, and their protection will not depend upon their powers of resistance.

When religious leaders seek supremacy simply as leaders of an opposition, they fall into the common error of habitual fighters who often find themselves fighting truth as well as error. They are giving no comfort, no consolation to those in quest of the truth, because they are not true shepherds. Faith, as it is expressed in our religious life, finds its low-water mark when it is unaccompanied by the guidance of divine authority. The great question therefore in the future is the question of authority; and if the ministers of the Protestant world disclaim all authority except that of reason, there is then, of course, no distinction between seeking guidance from a secular journal and from the minister of some sect.

Jos. F. Smith.



ATTITUDE OF THE WOMEN IN THE SMOOT CASE.

THE so called “Smoot case” which has afforded an opportunity for an attack upon the Latter-day Saints has been made the occasion for a demonstration on the part of the ministers and some women throughout

the United States. The petitions to the Senate probably represent the women who are the constant attendants of those churches which have been most active in the campaign against Senator Smoot.

It will be noticed that the petitions from the western states are not so numerously signed, and that fact is significant for two reasons. The first is that the knowledge of the well known good character of our people has restrained many, and the exercise of the franchise in some of the western states by the women has given them independent judgment that is not exercised by the women in the east. In the east there are more women whose reliance for guidance generally centers upon the ministers, than are to be found, relatively speaking, in the west. The ministerial influence, therefore, so far as the women are concerned, has been almost solely responsible for the presence of their names on the petitions against Senator Smoot.

When ministers perjure themselves by affidavits that Senator Smoot is a polygamist and give out in interviews falsehoods in which the purported names of his plural wives are related, the women of our country may be excused if they misjudge the Senator and his qualifications to act in the highest legislative body of our nation, especially when it is remembered that from this city sensational stories of alleged depravity among the “Mormon” people are sent by the most unscrupulous falsifiers to the ministers of our country to be used in a crusade against Senator Smoot in particular, and the “Mormon” people in general. It may then fairly be said that the petitions so numerously signed and sent to the Senate do not represent a truthful and enlightened sentiment. For those petitions a certain class of ministers are wholly responsible. A distinction is here made among the ministers, as there are some who have declined to join a crusade which their knowledge, their con-

science and intelligence would not approve and in some instances condemned.

It is very natural that the women of our land whose religious feelings are stronger than those of men should give credence to the statements of their ministers whose authority is accepted and whose words are unquestioned by them. Some day the ministers will realize that they have been playing with fire and that the incendiary torch which they have employed will burn them as well as the "Mormons." No doubt, some ministers do not feel any compunctions of heart or mind when they draw upon their imaginations and their prejudices for the exaggerated and untruthful statements about the "Mormons." The belief among them that their congregations will welcome statements even when false, against an unpopular people has made them very reckless to the truth.

Some day those who have trusted these men and confided to them their spiritual, social and political guidance will learn the truth, and the truth will condemn those ministers who have misled and deceived them. Already their places of worship show the loss they are sustaining in depleted congregations. No wonder that many of them bewail their empty churches. Ministers who wilfully lie about their fellow men cannot be expected to tell the truth about God.

MUTUAL OBLIGATIONS.

OUR obligations in life are not confined to those to whom we are directly responsible. In our social life we have social obligations, as well as those which we owe to one another as members of the same family, and these social obligations are often so strong that men and women cannot disregard them without doing injury to society.

In this pleasure-loving age, a certain class of people argue with some plausibility that their money is their own and that they will spend it to suit themselves; that it is nobody's business how they dress their families; that if they can afford to do so, it is wholly optional with them whether their children lead idle lives and indulge in excessive pleasures. Such arguments disclose a spirit of selfishness and an utter disregard for the consideration and welfare of others.

There will always be a struggle, no matter what it costs, among people to maintain at least some appearance of equality; and especially is it true among the younger people whose desire for imitation makes them very unhappy if they cannot dress as well as the best dressed among their neighbors, if they cannot enjoy the pastimes and pleasures which their companions enjoy. Every parent should feel some sense of responsibility toward neighbors whose children will be unhappy if they cannot imitate those who are more generously provided with the luxuries of life. Boys find it very difficult to work while their companions across the way are playing, and girls imagine their lives full of drudgery if they do not take part in all the pastimes which their associates enjoy.

It is very doubtful whether parents have any moral right to lay the heavy burden upon their neighbors which the display of wealth and the indulgence in idleness in their children create. The discipline, the habits, and the luxuries of the homes of the well-to-do should always have reference to the capabilities and circumstances of their neighbors. The ultimate good of our children is hindered rather than promoted by the unwise and unjudicious use of money. Many a man today is staggering under a burden which his neighbor is thoughtlessly, sometimes frivolously, placing upon him. While children feel most keenly the distinctions created by the use of wealth, those

distinctions are often an embarrassment to parents whose pride is wounded by what they feel is an unjust social classification.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

IN these hard materialistic times we are so liable to grow incredulous concerning the ability and tender oversight of our Heavenly Father, that it is well to gain strength for our faith from well-accredited events which show Him to be wonderfully near. The following account, by the lady who was the principal person in the story, is a very striking illustration of this truth; and it is vouched for by the man whose dog was God's agent in the hour of her need.

"One winter we lived on a lonely New Hampshire country road, only one farm house being near. One morning the weather promising to be fair, my husband and little son left me to go to a neighboring town six miles away, expecting to return at night. I did not mind being alone, as I was busy about the house; but toward noon I noticed dark clouds rapidly rising, and the wind began to blow, and soon snowflakes began to cover the ground. Still I did not feel anxious, but kept a watchful eye down the mountain road, although I knew it was hardly time to expect my loved ones to return. The darkness came on swiftly, and the storm increased in violence until it seemed as if the roof of the house would be torn off—every shingle apparently vying with its neighbor in its hurry to be gone.

"Hardly daring to breathe, but longing to scream, I lighted a fire in the great fire place, and the flames threw their ruddy glow over the room. As I began to realize that I was all alone, I grew more frightened, and I thought, 'I cannot stay here all this night alone.' Not only was the storm to be dreaded, but early in the day I had

seen two most vicious looking men go by on their way to the village. I knew that they lived in an old shanty below us. They had called once to seek shelter from a slight shower; and, I thought, they will surely think we would give them shelter from such a storm as this. I did not know what to do, for they were never known to come away sober from the village. I made up my mind to get to my neighbor's house. When I opened the door the wind nearly took me off my feet, and, blinded by the snow and sleet, I hastily shut the door and went back into the lighted room. But I could not rest, I wandered from room to room, and it seemed as if I should be insane from fright; for never before had I experienced a mountain storm. I have passed through many storms since then, but that stands out with a prominence which will not allow it to be ever forgotten. Going to the window and peering out into the darkness, I suddenly felt prompted to pray—not for my family's return, for I hoped they were sheltered from the storm—but I prayed, 'Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome this fear!' And before I finished my prayer it was answered. Above the roar of the storm I heard under my window the barking of my neighbor's huge dog. I let him in, all covered as he was with snow, and he walked over to the fire and lay down and looked up into my face with an almost human intelligence, as if he would say, 'You needn't be afraid, I'll take care of you.' With a thankful heart I lay down and slept sweetly all night.

"The owner of the dog told me the next day that in all the years he had owned

him, never had he known him to leave his mat at night; but for two hours they had tried to keep him in, at last, fearing they would get no sleep if he stayed, they opened the door, and he bounded away into the storm toward our house."

The lady adds: "Now by what instinct was he guided? Did he know that the one who had fed and petted him was in deep trouble? I believed then, and believe now that God sent him."

Zion's Herald.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF CAIN.

I.

"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?"

WHEN the time came in the life of Cain and Abel to make an offering to the Lord, Cain from the "fruit of the ground," and Abel the "firstlings of the flock," "the Lord had respect unto Abel, and his offering; but unto Cain and his offering He had not respect; and Cain was very wroth and his countenance fell. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door."

Many men make offerings whose acceptance is either unknown or unfelt, but if their offerings have been rendered in submission to God's will and to a holy purpose, they have no reason to be regretful. It is the spirit of the offering which makes it helpful and blessed, and not the honors of this world which men hope to get out of it. If men do well, they will be accepted. The trouble is, some men are not seeking so much to be accepted as they are to be honored; and when men seek honors, and seek dominion which God never intended for them, they are disappointed, they become wroth and their countenances fall.

The spirit that characterizes every Lat-

ter-day Saint is manifested by an earnest desire to do his duty, to do it well because it is a duty and because he loves it. When men aim at honor and strive for place and recognition in the kingdom of God, they lay their lives open to temptation, to the power of Satan, whose spirit is manifested in their lives by the jealousy, envy, and anger which it begets. The Spirit of God brings peace and good will. Men who love God, love their brethren; and no man can hate his brother whom he hath seen and love God whom he hath not seen.

Men whose constant purpose it is in life to do well are not worried about recognitions and honors. Comparisons and contrasts do not fill their lives with envy and hate. The spirit of well doing satisfies them, it gives them a sweet and high assurance, and their hearts go out in loving-kindness to their fellowmen.

The words of the Lord to Cain should be a warning to all of us. They should be fundamental in the character of our lives, for they characterize the life of every true Latter-day Saint. When brethren are despondent, when they feel that they are not properly recognized, when they think they are not appreciated, let them take courage and assurance from that divine promise, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?"

T.



KINDERGARTEN



Edited By Donnette Smith Kasler and Rebecca Morris.

FOURTH SUNDAY, AUGUST 26TH, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Work—activity.

1. Song.

Good morning to the sunshine bright.

2. Hymn. Choose.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song.

All the birds have come again,—Smith,
p. 20.

5. Morning Talk.

I am so glad to see these smiling, little faces here this morning. You make me think of the birds we have been singing about. The birds go away in the fall and come back in the spring, and we go to our homes when Sunday School is dismissed, but when the next Sunday comes we know just where we ought to come.

I am going to sing a verse to my birds. See if you like it:

All the children have come again,
Come with smiling faces;
Little ladies and gentlemen,
Early in their places.
All their voices, rich and clear,
Blend in music sweet to hear.
Pleasant Summer's happy days
All our hearts are cheering.

How many heard my song? Everyone here. I believe we are all learning to use our ears as well as our eyes. (By means of smelling flowers, speak of the work of the nose, and then in a similar way talk of the mouth. We eat to nourish our bodies. We speak that we may make our wants known, give thanks and assist others.)

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine,
"Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks each day for me.
When evening comes, "Good night" I say,
And close the door of each new day.
If friend give anything to me
I use the little "Thank you" key.
When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
If by mistake some harm I do,
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too.
On a golden ring these keys I bind,
This is the motto, "Be ye kind."

6. Nature Story. Choose.

7. Rest Exercise. The Young Musician.

8. Bible Story.

BABY MOSES.

I wonder if any of you children ever heard a story about a man named Moses. (Let the children tell what they can about him.) Yes, Moses was the man, or deliverer, whom God sent to lead his people, who were called Israelites, out of the land of Egypt, where they were in bondage. They had to work very hard, and were not allowed to pray out aloud, but they prayed in their hearts, and the Lord heard them, and sent Moses to take them away to another land.

When they reached the Red Sea—a big water which they could not cross—the Lord divided the waters so they could walk to the other side on dry land, and then He sent them manna from heaven, so they had food to eat, and Moses was their leader.

Today I am going to tell you about when Moses was a little baby, like our babies at home.

When baby Moses came to his mama, who was an Israelite, she was living in Egypt, and King Pharoah was afraid that the Israelites would outnumber the Egyptians, so he said that baby girls only should be saved.

Moses was such a lovely baby boy that his mama did not want the king to know that she had him for fear the king would take her darling away. So she hid him for three months, and did not let anyone outside of her own family know that she had him.

But he grew to be such a fine, big baby, and I suppose he laughed and cried and played with his sister Miriam, and his mama was afraid some one would find out she had him and tell the king, so she made a nice little basket or boat of bulrushes and fixed the inside so the water could not soak through. Then she placed the baby in the long grass or flags of the river, and Miriam watched to see what would happen.

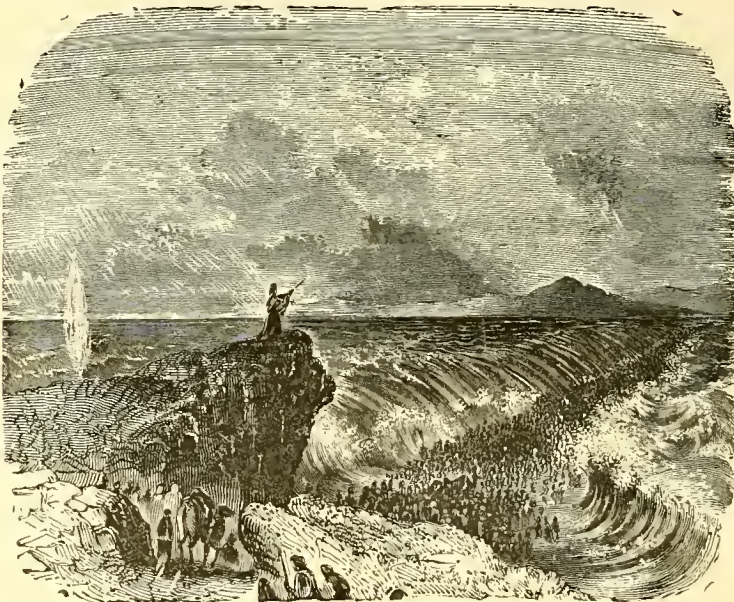
After a time the king's daughter went

down to the river to bathe, and when she saw the little basket-like boat on the water she sent one of her maids to get it; and when she uncovered it, there was a baby, and it began to cry for its mama. The king's daughter said, "This is one of the Hebrew children." Then Miriam came near the princess and asked if she should find someone to take care of the baby; she then ran home for her mother, who returned with her.

The princess did not know that this woman was the baby's mother, and she told her to take good care of him and that she would pay her for her work.

The Lord watched over little Moses, and he stayed with his mother until he was large and old enough to live with the king's daughter, and then the princess took him to her home. She had the best teachers for him, and he grew to be a wise, good man, and he was raised and educated as one of the king's family, to do the work that the Lord wanted him to do.

Teachers—Re-read "The Israelites Cross-



ISRAEL'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE RED SEA.

ing the Red Sea," JUVENILE, May 1, 1905;
or "Israelites Gather Manna," JUVENILE,
July 1, 1905.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song and Prayer.

11. March Cut



MOSES FOUND BY PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

MESA CITY.

ONE can scarcely credit the changes brought about in Mesa the past eighteen months. Years of drought had borne heavily on the farmers whose lands respond so readily to moisture, and lay so lifeless beneath the hot sun of Arizona. The great dam at Roosevelt, now in course of construction, has been the means of distributing considerable money about Mesa; and the assurance of a big supply of water to a greatly increased area has given hope to the people. The business area of the place has more than doubled within the past year. The old co-op. store, which was closing its corporate existence under hopeless circumstances, was bought, remodeled, and elegantly stocked by the firm of Lesueur and Gibbons. President Lesueur, whose years of business experience and prosperity in St. John fitted him for leadership in Mesa, is himself a great contributor to Mesa's prosperity.

When once the fruit problem of that place is solved, Mesa will make strides beyond the most ardent dreams of those whose faith has been strongest in its future. Peaches and almonds have suffered greatly. Whether the loss of so many of these trees has been due to the soil or to the lack of water must yet be determined. For cantaloupes and grapes, this part of Arizona has no superior in the world. Transportation is improving, and the question of markets will no longer trouble the fruit grower. In earlier days the people went into the grape industry, but prices fell so low that vineyards were converted into wheat and alfalfa fields. The land, however, is too valuable and the climate too favorable for grape culture to be used for wheat and lucern.


What the people of Mesa should set about at once to do is to educate a number of their young men in the orange fields and vineyards of southern California. The raisin industry ought to bring hand-

some returns. Untrained farmers and fruit growers are becoming yearly more and more helpless in the competitions of the farm and orchard. What Mesa needs now as much as anything else is a little systematic training for her sons in those industries for which the climate and soil are particularly adapted. From now on that place will grow, and the new supply of water which the Tonto dam will give to it will make it one of the garden spots of this earth, if industry and intelligence but perform their part.

Electricity is also to have its say in the redemption of the many thousands of acres of desert land about Mesa. Already it is at work on a small scale. A limited supply of electricity is now raising sufficient water from the great subterranean currents and lakes to irrigate about 3500 acres of lucern. When the great dam at Roosevelt has been completed, its water supply will be used for the purpose of generating electric power, which in turn will raise to the surface from a distance of about thirty feet, rivers of water. It is a curious sight to see one of these small pumps driven by an almost invisible wire charged with electricity, raising large irrigating streams far out in the desert whose alfalfa fields are like oases in the midst of cactus and sagebrush.

Another feature that will make Mesa one of the attractive places of the earth is its charming winter climate. Heretofore it has been expensive and troublesome to reach it. Now that direct communication is practically assured, it can be more easily reached. Latter-day Saints who have sought the sunny lands of southern California for a winter resort will prefer Mesa. For pulmonary trouble the climate is unexcelled. The social opportunities will form additional attractions. Soil, sun and society should enrich beyond expectations the people of Mesa.

J. M. T.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards. 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."



SUSIE GRAY, aged ten years, came running in from school full of excitement and began:

"Oh, mama, mama! what do you think I heard today in school? The very funniest thing!"

Mama expressed curiosity, of course, and Susie went on to tell of an old gentleman who had called at the school with one of the trustees, and made the children laugh with funny stories of his foreign travels.

"And then," continued Susie, "he said the oddest thing, that he was to remain in this village one month, and before he went away, he meant to make a present to the handsomest girl in school. He said he had known people to grow very handsome in a month, no matter how plain they may have been before, and he would give us all an even chance. I tell you, we girls were just surprised! But, dear me," added Susie complacently, "I know I'm the prettiest girl in this place, and I don't believe a month or a year will start any girl ahead of me, do you, mama?"

Susie walked to the mirror as she spoke, and viewed her pretty reflection with evident satisfaction. Mrs. Gray's eyes lingered long and lovingly upon her little daughter, who was indeed the prettiest of all the village children. But she lacked the brightest and best jewel of all, the "ornament of a meek and lowly spirit," and it would have been hard to find a vainer, more thoughtless little girl than

Susie; though neither her mother nor she seemed conscious of the fact.

"If she is so lovely at ten years," thought the mother, "what will she be at twenty?"

Of course the eccentric old gentleman, of whom Susie had told her mother, was the subject of much eager discussion amongst the young and old of the village. But everybody, even the scholars, knew it would be impossible to compete with Susie for a prize given for beauty, and one little girl in particular, whose parents were poor, Madge Nuderwood, knew well enough that a prize given for beauty would never be placed within her hand, for the small glass over mama's little bureau told her every day in the plainest of language, "Madge, you are a very homely little maid! Your skin is rough, your complexion muddy, your eyes are not like stars, and your hair, instead of hanging below your waist in beautiful profusion, is only short and disorderly like a boy's, flying about over your forehead, and often looking as though a brush had never touched it."

Madge's father was sick, and most of the time confined by rheumatism to his bed. Her mother was feeble, and two little ones, of four and six years, claimed attention from Madge when home from school. She was an affectionate, earnest-hearted little girl, doing the best she knew how to keep her mother and father and amuse and take care of the "babies," as she called the little brothers who loved her so dearly. If the prize had been offered for study, possibly Madge might have felt encouraged to try and win it, for all the school knew her

to be a bright, ready scholar. But for beauty! Ah no! No chance for little Madge Nuderwood.

It was laughable to see the various arts which some of those little school girls resorted to in their endeavors to improve their complexions and increase the growth of their hair. Vain mothers encouraged vainer children to such efforts, while parents of the wise sort reproved and restrained the nonsense as well as possible under the pressure of the promised prize.

Susie Gray, however, save that she devoted more time to brushing out her beautiful hair, and to the contemplation of her still more beautiful little face, did not give herself any trouble concerning the winning of the prize. Meanwhile on the faces of those children who had used cosmetics appeared—it was sad, but funny too—sundry blotches and blemishes which had hitherto been unknown to the poor little things, and which put the coveted prize, of course, still more beyond their reach.

So the month was rapidly passing away. To Susie Gray, though, it seemed to drag, and to Madge—studying hard at school, and working busily at home, with no time for the play and sport which is the right of childhood—it seemed to fly; to the other children it was proving a season of disquiet and worry, and at last the mothers wished heartily that the queer old man and his queerer proposal had been in the Rocky Mountains instead of this village.

"The month is nearly up, Madge Nuderwood; the month is nearly up," said Susie one afternoon as school was dismissed. "Are you prepared for the prize?" The question was sneeringly put and caused a rude laugh from the girls around. Susie was unkind and Madge felt it, but she smiled and said—

"I'm prepared to congratulate you, Miss Susie Gray, if you receive it, and I know you will."

A toss of the golden head, which sent

the wealth of bright hair all over Susie's shoulders, and the reply—

"Lucky you don't expect it, poor Madge," for your chance is mighty slim," followed Madge's pleasant words.

* * * * *

There were certain sick old women of the village whose comfort depended mainly upon the kindness and attention of their neighbors, and those old women considered Madge's homely little face the sweetest in the world, and the drawing near of the plainly clad little figure was to them like sudden sunshine.

On this very afternoon, while Susie and her companions were taking a walk to pass away the time, Madge, having finished some home duties, went to fulfill a promise to an old blind and sick woman at the further end of the village.

Ere long there was a pretty picture to be seen through the open window of Granny Brown's cottage, and a gentleman stopped in passing by to look upon it.

A white haired woman (from whose eyes the light of day had fled forever) bowed her cheek on the head of a little girl, who sat on a stool at her knee. Across the child's knee lay a large old-fashioned Bible, and while the woman's tremulous hands held within their clasp the little brown figure of the child, a young clear voice read slowly and distinctly from the pages of the book the aged hearer loved best in the world.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," read Madge, and the woman interrupted affectionately with—

"Yes, dear child, that's what you be, for you're only a little creeter! Law sakes, Madgie, I do sometimes just wonder why the dear Lord didn't make more like you here in this village. But go on, dearie, I didn't mean to interrupt."

And Madge, blushing, read on, while the friend, unseen, listened and watched.

"God bless that dear little girl!" at last whispered the man, wiping a suspicious

moisture from his eyes; she isn't a pretty child, but if handsome *is* as handsome *does*, she's the beauty of this village and no mistake," he continued, walking on.

At last the day arrived, the important day which was to crown Susie Gray with honors or fill her little vain soul with vexation.

There were many visitors present, and conspicuous amongst them were Susie's parents. The little maid herself was very handsomely dressed; and looked her brightest and prettiest as she sat among the children and thought of the gift so soon to be hers.

"The Trustees will be here in a moment, children," the teacher said. "Are all present?" The old gentleman who kindly offers the prize will not care to wait for a tardy pupil."

All were found to be present save little Madge Nuderwood.

One of the boys was sent to find Madge, and when he returned the Trustees were in their seats, and the gentleman who offered the prize was standing upon the platform.

"She's coming," shouted the lad, with whom Madge was a prime favorite, despite the freckled face and tangled hair. "She's coming in a minute. I found her reading to Granny Hopkins, and she said she didn't suppose you needed her to-day, 'cause she couldn't stan' no chance for the prize, you see."

The laugh raised by Willie's speech had hardly died away when the little girl came shyly in, and sat down.

Then the old gentleman, with a merry smile on his good-natured face, came to the edge of the platform.

"Dear children," said he, "it does my old eyes good to see such a host of bright, pretty faces, here to day, and I hardly know how to make a speech worthy of my young audience. I won't attempt, therefore, to detain you with my prosy old tongue longer than to hope that you all

understood me when I promised one month ago, a present to the handsomest girl amongst you to-day. But," here the old man glanced around with a comical smile, "I am afraid you have paid more attention to your faces than to your hearts, and you know, my children, that true beauty is worth of character, never defaced by time."

Then, to the amazement of all, the gentleman called out distinctly—

"Miss Madge Nuderwood please come forward and receive the prize which is due not for beauty of flesh, which will perish so easily, but for that true beauty of the soul, which, from all I have heard, abides always in your loving little unselfish heart."

He lifted up before the school a well-filled purse of gold, and held it, while a smile rippled over the faces of all on the platform, as little Madge, bewildered and perplexed, was being actually pushed out of her seat by her companions, and bidden in loud whispers to "go when the gentleman calls you."

Poor Susie! She turned cold and then hot. "It isn't possible!" she thought. "It is a mistake!" And the blue eyes she turned to her mother were running over with tears.

As for Madge, she lifted her amazed eyes to the gentleman, and with burning cheeks, cried—

"Oh, sir, you have made a mistake in the name! Her name is Susie Gray, sir; mine is Madge. It is Susie, that girl, you meant to call, sir."

"There is no mistake," said the gentleman, "not the least error, my dear, and I congratulate your mother on the possession of a dear little daughter like you. I hope you will enjoy your gift, though I know it to be as unexpected to you—as to some others present."

Then he addressed the school wisely and kindly, and pointed out certain truths they had not learned before, and certainly they well understood the meaning of the old ad-

age, "Handsome is that handsome does," before the assembly broke up.

Hood's Magazine.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XXXVII.

Led they not forth in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair.

H. W. Longfellow.

Ted in an adventure.—Fortune favors his plans.—Fawn's party announced.—Ted explains.—Carl is anxious.

THE carriage stopped at the pretty, ivy covered front gate, and a well dressed young man stepped out of it. As he spoke to the driver and then turned to enter the gate, something in his movements caused Carl and Jem both to recognize him, and they exclaimed to each other, in a breath, "It's Ted!"

There was a warm, sincere greeting extended to him by both his brother and his friend. And Teddy, with his large, tender heart, a strange combination of strength and weakness, was not ashamed to embrace them each in turn, and like Joseph of old when making himself known to his brethren, to weep on their bosoms.

"Am I forgiven, boys, for all my insolence as well as everything else?" he asked when he could control his emotions and talk.

"You are more than forgiven, Ted, we do not even remember anything wrong about you, do we Jem?" was the hearty assurance given by Carl. And Jem's choking "Oh, Teddy, we are so glad to see you, and we think only good things about you, and hope for your welfare always!" could leave no doubt but that all was right between the three boys.

"Your welcome is so cordial, boys, and you make me feel so comfortable that I am going to ask for farther extension of your hospitality," said Ted, in his old way of

freedom. "May I bring you a lady visitor, and will you make her feel at home if you can? I see you have things beautifully arranged here. You might entertain a king and queen, as far as fitness goes."

"What! are you married Ted?" asked Jem.

"No, not yet," said Ted. "But I'm going to be, right away. I may as well tell you the whole thing first as last. I'd like to bring my lady in though, and have her resting and at ease, may I?"

Jem looked to Carl to answer this, and the latter spoke with even more than his usual hospitality.

"Bring her in, Ted? I should think so! If you are to be happily married, that will be the greatest event that has yet come our way. I am more than glad, I am delighted!"

"I thought you would be," said Ted. "And for this special event, the greatest, you know, that ever enters into a man's life, I concluded to come here and let you boys be first to congratulate me in my earliest hours of wedded bliss. We want, that is, the girl and I do, the quietest little wedding possible. And we can have it, right here, can't we? And you boys will render any necessary assistance, won't you?"

Never, perhaps, had Carl been taken more unawares, and for some reason his naturally quick brain worked exceedingly slowly now. Not a suspicion that there could be any crookedness in the unusual course Ted was taking in order to get married once occurred to the innocent, unsophisticated young shoemaker.

"We will not only render all necessary assistance, Ted," he answered, "but, as you do us the honor to come to us that we may share your pleasures, we will take no end of pains to make them as great as possible while you stay. That is how I feel, isn't it the same with you Jemmy?"

Jem had known his brother longer and

more familiarly than Carl had, and a certain, well remembered look in his eyes told him plainly that something was at stake which required a most determined effort on Ted's part, and that he had set his mind to carry his point. That Ted was about to make a clear confession of the whole affair, Jem had also seen. And that Carl's too ready and pleased acceptance of the case as it appeared without explanation, had made Ted change his mind, and conclude to pass without further questions and answers as far as he might.

The brothers exchanged glances, and Jem, though he felt awkward, realizing that Ted must know he was partly in his secret, by intuition, had to say, "Why certainly we will do every thing possible for Ted and his bride, and I must see to it that a friend's kindness shall not go far beyond a brother's."

Carl went to wash his hands while Jem accompanied his brother to the gate. Ted carried on a short conversation with the driver, and then with the lady before assisting her from the carriage, and Jem talked to Beekley Rafton, who had come early to school.

"Will you stay here by the gate, Beck," Jem said, "and tell each of the boys as they come that we cannot hold school to-night? You can just say we have unexpected visitors, and may not be able to meet with our classes for the rest of the week. This is Wednesday. If we should want you tomorrow or Friday—but we may as well say, no more school until Monday. I am sure that will suit Carl."

"All right," answered Beekley, "I am glad of it, Jem, I wanted to put in a little time on something besides every day work and lessons, and this will be my chance. Tell Carl I think I shall always remember now to spell '*account*' with double c and '*balance*' with one p".

Both Jem and Beck laughed over some recent joke that had occurred in school.

And then Jem followed his brother and the lady up the path to the house, as the carriage was driven off toward town.

"Miss Maud Mathews, Jem," said Ted, by way of introduction when the three had entered the front room. "My brother Jem, Maud," he continued.

Jem felt the lady's hand tremble as he pressed it, and her voice was scarcely audible when, in answer to his polite "Pleased to meet you Miss Mathews," she said, "I am very glad to know Ted's brother."

Then Carl came in from the kitchen, and he and the young lady were presented to each other as "Carl, the son of Nannie Hetherley," and "Maud, the daughter of Hester Mathews." There was considerable emotion displayed during this introduction and the few moment's conversation which followed, for both these young people recalled to mind things told them by their mothers, which showed that they had been very much endeared to each other.

"Here's Judge Lotzie and the gentleman for his boots, Carl," called out Jem. And then he hastened down to the gate again, for the Judge's carriage held another occupant besides the two gentlemen. It was Fawn, and she beckoned to Jem as he stood in the doorway.

"I am arranging to have my party tomorrow afternoon, Jem, instead of next week," Fawn said as Jem approached the carriage.

"What caused you to change your mind so suddenly?" asked Jem.

"Mother thinks best to have the affair over with as soon as possible," answered Fawn. "Can you come and help decorate in the morning and be on hand with your music in the afternoon? You see I shall want you all day and all the evening."

"I want you forever, Fawn!" Jem ventured, for the gentlemen had gone to the house, and there was no one near to hear the remark. "Come into the house, Fawn,"

he continued. "Come and see what a surprise has been played on Carl and me."

Fawn and Ted were not long in recognizing each other when the young woman entered the house, though both had changed much. Carl had taken Judge Lotzie and his friend into the shop to see his work, especially the newly finished boots. So Ted and Jem found themselves alone with the two young ladies.

"This is to be my wife, Fawn," said Ted boldly, after the two girls were presented and had shaken hands. "It is marvelous good luck for me that your father has come into this house just at this time. I am going to ask him to marry us, right now."

Maud gave a little scream first, at this sudden announcement from Ted. But she checked herself at once, and taking Fawn's hand she remarked, "I am glad you happened to come with your father, you will, perhaps, be willing to stand by me as a bridesmaid, and I shall not feel so very lonely and out of place as I should to be all alone."

"Happy thought, Maud, dearest!" said Ted. "You always see at a glance when anything can be laid hold of to advantage."

"Fawn is to be my wife, too, before long," Jemmy remarked, "and it seems quite appropriate for her to stand as bridesmaid to my brother's bride. What do you say to the suggestion, Fawn?"

"It nearly takes my breath, coming so suddenly," answered Fawn. "I shall be very happy indeed to act as bridesmaid to your brother's wife—but, O Jem! maybe, coming so near, it will make us feel that we, too, should be planning more earnestly."

Judge Lotzie re-entered the room just then, followed by his friend. Carl was still busy in the shop, and did not come in for a few moments.

"I am particularly glad to see you this evening, Judge," Ted began at once. "We

were expecting to go to your house, Miss Mathews and I, to get you to marry us. But, as you have happened to come where we are, if you are willing, you can as well say the ceremony here as elsewhere. Here's our license, and we are all ready, aren't we, Maud?"

"Yes," came very faintly from the girl's lips, as she threw off her hat and lightly smoothed her hair with her fingers.

"Well! this is an impromptu arrangement, is it not?" asked the Judge. "What is the best thing to do, Nat, under such circumstances?" he enquired of his friend.

"Why, I should say, marry this young couple at once, inasmuch as they declare themselves ready, and ask it at your hands. You know, Judge, I am a little pressed for time," replied the gentleman.

And so it was done and over with in less than fifteen minutes, the solemn ceremony that made Edward O'Lang and Maud Mathews husband and wife.

The congratulations offered the newly wedded pair by the few friends who were present, were hearty and sincere, but were also quickly finished up, and the Judge and his friend were ready to depart.

"Come Fawn, you found something even more interesting here than simply inviting your friends to your party, didn't you?" said the Judge to his daughter. "Come on now, let's go."

"You must all come to my party at four o'clock tomorrow evening," said Fawn gaily. "Jem will tell you about it, and we want no 'regrets' or excuses."

"We are not prepared with our party clothes, Fawn," said Ted, "and you wouldn't want us to come as we are, would you?"

"Carl and Jem can dress you up, Ted, and I'll see to your bride's clothing for the occasion, only come early—come by three, anyhow, you wedded ones," said Fawn, and she kissed Maud tenderly again, as she was leaving.

After Judge Lotzie had gone with his daughter and friend, Jem began rolling up his sleeves, and with a laugh he remarked, "Now, Ted, I am going to prepare your wedding supper, and if you are as fond of story telling as you used to be, you will not object, perhaps, to giving Carl and me a little information as to how this suddenmarriage venture of yours comes about."

Ted laughed too, at first, but he and his bride exchanged glances, and then he grew serious and answered his brother accordingly.

"There's nothing new in our story, Jem, it's the very old one," he said. "Love at first sight, but genuine and lasting with the young folks. Objections by the girl's father because the young fellow spends his money too freely and doesn't get rich fast enough. After waiting for years with no sign of betterment in affairs, the young folks grow desperate and determine to marry at all hazards. Elopement. Marriage. Finis!"

Ted instinctively looked at Carl as he finished his brief but clear explanation. And Carl looked very sober over the strange situation. The circumstance as he viewed it now, called for serious thought, but it was too late to try to think of any means by which the run-away couple might be persuaded to change their rash undertaking. The end they had set out for was already reached, they were married! And the marriage had taken place under his roof with his full approval. What would his mother's dearest friend, Hester Mathews, think when she should come to know the whole matter? How would she look after this, upon Nannie Hetherley's boy?

These questions, so suddenly awakened in his mind, made Carl feel as though a great responsibility had fallen upon him, and he was troubled and anxious.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER-BOX.

Letter and Answer to Charade.

SALINA, UTAH.

We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I enjoy reading the stories in it, especially "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville." I also enjoy reading the letters and charades. I guessed the answer to Joseph Jenkins' charade, printed in the First of July JUVENILE, and I find it to be "Father." I am 13 years old, and I have two brothers and one sister. I came from Denmark four years and a half ago, and I like to live in Utah very much. I was promoted to the seventh grade at the close of school.

OLGA CHRISTOPHERSEN.



Seven Miles from Rexburg.

BURTON, IDAHO.

I never wrote to the Letter-Box until now. Willie takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I go to school. We have three teachers. We have upstairs in our school house. We live seven miles from Rexburg on our large farm. We live one mile and a quarter from the school house. I like to go to school, Primary and Sunday School. Ma is president of the Primary. I am in the second grade in Primary and Sunday School. I am 9 years old.

ZINA OPAL SUMMERS.



Letter, Answers and Charades.

RIVERTON, UTAH.

I am much interested in the letters and charades. Have been able to answer most of them, (the charades). The answer to Mercy Blackburn's charade in July 1, I think is JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and Clara Larsen's, in the same number, is "Abraham Lincoln." I will send a charade composed of 15 letters:

15, 5, 10, 7, 5, 16, 1, 7, is the name of an animal.

8, 13, 2, is something very useful.
 12, 3, 14, 5, is anything very small.
 11, 3, 9, 4, 5, 6, is a very useful metal.
 The whole is the name of a great writer.

LUETTA BILLS.

Two Letters from Logan.

I have been wanting to write to the Letter-Box for some time, and now I will. We live in a beautiful country. I like Sunday School and Primary. Mama is a teacher in Primary. My brother is writing to the Letter-Box, too. I am ten years old. We take the JUVENILE and like to read it.

HAZEL NORR.

I have not heard any letters from Logan, and thought I would write one. I like the story of "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville" very much. I take turns with my brother driving the cows. I want to go more times than I do. Our oldest brother is on a mission in England. I am seven years old.

VERNON NORR.

THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

When a little child I used to live in a happy mountain home,
 And never dreamed that in days to come in foreign lands I'd roam.
 I loved the cliffs and mountains, towering up so high,
 That in my childish fancy seemed almost to reach the sky;
 The blue lake in the distance, glimmering in the sun:
 The pleasant fields and canyons, I loved them every one.

To gather shells and flowers, my mates and I would go,
 As soon as April's sunshine had melted off the snow,
 We'd find the lovely lilies, red tassels and snow-drops sweet,

And be among the first ones, the sego flowers to greet.

When May came with her lilacs, we loved them best of all,

Far sweeter than the hollyhocks grown up so tall.

But spring was not the loveliest, for summer brought her charm,

The luscious fruits and melons, to eat when days were warm.

The picnics in the canyons, the rest by the bubbling spring,

The pleasant walks in the evening, the songs we used to sing,

The July celebrations, the ice cream and the cake,

The bombs and fire-crackers, the noise we used to make.

And then the golden autumn, with the loads of wheat and corn,

The lots of sport we used to have a hiding in the barn;

Gathering up potatoes, roasting them in the fire;

No happier days of childhood could anyone desire.

The jams and jellies made so nice by mother and sisters dear,

And the many, many goodies put away for winter's cheer.

And winter was the grandest, the best of all I know,

The mountains and the valleys piled deep with spotless snow;

And when the morning sunshine fell on that field of white,

An array of glittering diamonds could not be half so bright.

The snowball fights we had at school, the coasting down the hill—

The jingle of the sleigh-bells, methinks I hear them still!

VIOLET B. JOHNSON.

Colonia Diaz, Mexico.

FAITH was seldom if ever better illustrated than by the little boy who said, when his mother was brooding over her poverty, "Mama, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."



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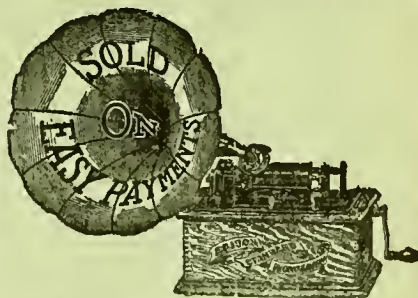
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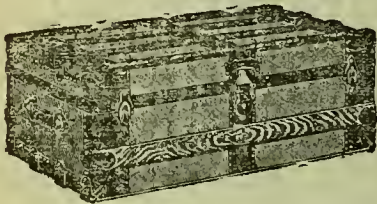
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